OVIDIUS EXULANS:

OR,

OVID TRAVESTIE.

A Mock-Poem,

On Five Epiſtles of *OVID*;

VIZ.

Dido to *Ænæas*,
Leander to *Hero*,
Laodameia to *Proteſilaus*,
Hero to *Leander*,
Penelope to *Ulyſſes*,
In Engliſh Burleſque.

Riſum teneatis amici? Horat. de Arte Poet.

By *Naſo Scarronnomimus.*

The Second Edition.

London, Printed for *Rowland Reynolds*, next *Arundel-Gate*, over-againſt St. *Clements* Church in the *Strand*, 1676.

The PREFACE.

A Preface being now adays as much in request as a Prologue to a Play, and for the most part like them being made in the praise either of the Work or the Author: I did condescend so far as to undeceive the Reader with this ensuing one, being so far from the aforesaid reason of thinking to get praise by it, that I wish I could only avoid that of one of our modern Poets speaking of Tobacco-Takers.

The Preface.

——Et magna peragunt ſedulitate nihil.

You'l ask then what Reaſons could induce me to write, but firſt I will tell you what did not; and firſt I did not write it like our Scriblers to get credit, their misfortunes would not let me have a though that way: Secondly, not to recompenſe my Book-Seller who being undone by ſelling ſome of my more ſerious works, like *Rablais*, I did ſtrive to recompenſe him with this Ridiculus Pampolet. Thirdly, not to ingratiate my ſelf into any ones favour: for you ſee that I have not made any No-

Noble man Uſher to my Book, and filled up half a ſide with Titles, *To the Right Honourable* &c. What then to get Money? hum! faith and that may be ſomething, but yet you are out in your Augury, No I writ rather out of ſpite, and ſeeing daily ſuch Elaborate pieces of nonſence creep out under Patronage, I had a mind to ſee whether this would paſs among them that dote on ſuch Rubbiſh Learning, I cannot think that I have done our noble Poet wrong in thus rendring his happy Muſe, but rather right, for I will not be perſwaded that

The Preface.

Alexander did well in not ſuffering his Picture to be drawn by any but *Apelles*, ſince all things appear better joyned with their contraries, *Venus*'s Mole is inſtead of a Black-Patch. I had once thought to have Dedicated this Book *Diis Manibus Maronis*, of whom I am ſure I have deſerved very well, for now he need not be aſham'd of the Fool's Coat in Hell for he hath one in the ſame Livery to bear him company: To fill up the ſide, I was going to give you a Character of my ſelf, as *Scarron* hath done, but knowing how far I come ſhort of his wit, I

fear'd

fear'd that that of *Tully* might be objected to me, *facie magis quam facitiis ridiculus*, But I ſhall upon better conſiderations leave my Picture to be drawn by ſome body elſe. I do not doubt but this *Ovid* will ſcape baniſhment in ſpight of the Title, for he meddles not with State matters, or any one at Court, but if he did you know Fools may ſay any thing were *Plato* now living he would allow ſuch Poets as us, who do not trouble you with a long Genealogy of the Gods, or how many Baſtards *Hercules* got in a night; but like a

Chip in Porrige does neither good nor hurt, like

Your friend and

Servant N. S.

On

On the Author Mr. N. S.

Had Ovid *writ his loves in ſuch a ſtrain,*
His baniſhment had been recall'd again.
Bawdy in theſe Rhimes lawful is; but he
With his obſceneſs ſpoil'd good Poetry.
Therefore away to Pontus *he muſt trudge*
Cæſar *th Prince of Poets being judge:*
Here our Tranſlator does even that omit
And in the place of bawdy puts chaſt wit
Cato *may enter, ſmile too, yet ne're ſee*
Dame Flora *naked in her bawdery.*

R. L.

To his friend the Author.

Methinke Leander *might as well re-*
(hearſe
Such Rimes as theſe as Ovid's *ſwee-*
(ter Verſe.
Why muſt a Carthaginian *Dame*
(pray tell)
Or Aſian *Barbar verſify ſo well?*
Or what decorum's that to make one
(ſpeak
Good Latine to th' good man a merry
(Greek?
Tis like our Poets now who make all
(ſay
(What Countrey men ſo e're) Engliſh
(i'th' Play.

And

And every Porter Letter-Carier thank
The donor for but two-pence in a blank.
Your verse more natural is, I judge from
(hence,
They find out sence to th' Rhimes, you
(Rhimes to th' sence.

S. D.

To

To his worthy friend the Author

'Faith it is very silly don to cry
Beauty shews best joyn'd with deformity
That Venus *cannot please without her*
(wart,
Nor sweetest sauces unless mix twith
(tart.
That foyls are always friends to fair
(ones, I
Whilest I am hammering out some Poetry;
Something in praise of the Authors Book
(to say,
Doth seem like a bad Prologue to a Play.
But now I think on't better, I am out,
Where the Play's good the Prologue is
(no doubt.

R. K.

To

To his worthy friend on his Book.

Were great Auguſtus *now alive*
(he'd ſay
Ovid *dreſt thus deſerv'd his* Livia.
With all but enemies thy Book will paſs
You need for none unleſs't be Hudibras
May be ſome Engliſh De la Cerda *will*
Stand up and cry that Virgil's *beter ſtil.*
But let him have a care we know 'tis
(ſpight
Leaſt this with like ſucceſs as t'other
(wrie.

G. L.

To the Author.

Now for a Complement was never known
That who ſo hears't, ſhall ſwear it is my
(own
Your Book is excellent-Pox! that won't do
That's uſurp'd often, though deſerv'd by
(few,
Faith you did very ill to ſend to me,
To have my judgement on your Traveſty
But ſtay- I have one now, I ſay it is,
A very ſilly and ridiculus pi·ce,
You'l think 'tis ſtrangely ſpoken of a friend
And were I ſo I could not but commend,
Like zealous mad men you miſtake the
(Letter,
For in this caſe the worſe it is the better

Coll. Blunt.

OVID TRAVESTIE.

Epist. I.

Dido to *Æneas*,

SO a poor Pig just as he dyes,
Squeeks unlamented Obsequies.
But now you talk of that, d'ye mark it?
I have brought mine to a fair Market.
Not that I think you'l mind my chat,
I strive against the Stream in that.
But that it never shall be said,

Since I have loſt my Maiden-head;
My Husband, honour, and good name;
And falen out with Goody Fame:
Who at next Goſſiping will tell,
What unto *Dido* hath befell;
But I will ſpeak: for never truſt,
Me, that deny'd my heart would burſt.
Yet you're reſolv'd, you'l to the Floods
And leave poor *Dido* in the Suds:
And though I bid you to be kind,
I do but ſpit againſt the Wind;
You are reſolv'd for all my reek,
You'l to the Devils-Arſe-a-Peek.
Methinks you ſhould not leave the coaſt
Where you ſhall only rule the Roaſt:
Well where ſo e're *Æneas* toſt is,
He'l hardly find ſo kind an Hoſteſs;
Will any Cat-a-mountain Jade,

When

When Guinneys come refuſe the trade.
In *It'ly* you muſt lye in mangers,
May be clean ſtraw, becauſe you'r (ſtrangers
Not flaxen ſheets as here you (Lout,
And then as you Pig in, Pig out.
You ſay you ſeek a Farm, but tuſh,
A Bird i'th hand's worth two i'th Buſh.
You want another to deceive her,
To ſpoil her voice & then to leave her.
And without paying for your meals,
At laſt to ſhew a pair of heels.
Alaſs my Chuck! I ſay in fine,
When wilt thou build a Barn like mine?
But if thou doſt, yet for thy life,
Thou'ſt ne're have ſuch a handſome
I burn like Pitch-barrel, nay more, (wife.
Like trying ſewet when't runs o're.
Sleeping you'r always in my ſight,

And then I dream of the bleſt night;
Wherein you did, like ne're was ſeen:
You know well enough what I do mean;
When next morn, if you do remember,
I think 'twas the third day of *December*:
I did ſome butter'd Ale provide,
Of Caudle eke three quarts beſide;
Which we did toſs off foot to foot:
And eat for th' back ſome Ringo root;
Yet you a Clown do ſtop your ear,
Ah! who ſo deaf as thoſe won't hear.
Pray Goody *Venus* why do you let,
Your Son now be in ſuch a pet.
He only came to take a way-bit,
He is not like his Mother a whit:
For ſhe I'me ſhure is very common,
Denyes a courteſie to no Man:
Nay, and without paying a jot,

A Man may do the Ld. knows what.
But you I ſwear I think was got,
Out of ſome earthen Chamber-pot:
Or from ſome huge Oak you parted,
You are to me ſo hard hearted;
So that be it with wonder ſpoke,
I think you have a heart of Oak;
See how the Sea on which you ſwim,
Hath far more good nature in him.
See how luſty *Æol* puffs,
As if he were at fiſty cuffs. (thanked,
And toſſes waves now Heaven be
As one would toſs a Dog in Blanket.
Look on your Skiff how the waves
(knock it,
As they were ſouſing a Pick-pocket.
The foaming flouds do keep a pother,
And like Cats ſpit at one another.
The waters breath ſuch a fog out,

This weather I'd not turn a Dog out;
Your Men do ſtand blowing their nails
They can't abide to patch up ſails.
And only becauſe you are ſelf-iſh,
Get their bread by catching ſhell-fiſh.
And truſt me friend there but few is,
That are in love with ſalt brewis,
They like ſuch Meat as I am ſtewing,
And good ſtrong Bub of my own brew-
I can't but think how they will take (ing
To think of leaving my fat Bacon. (on,
They will go nigh you to trepan,
To get another ſop i'th Pan,
This weather ſure you will not forth,
To put to Sea Eaſt, Weſt, North, South.
Methinks you ſhould not ſo abhor me,
That will venture dying for me.
'Tis wondrous courage is't not elf,

To

To fly from me to drown your ſelf.
Had you but ſtaid a while you'd ſee,
The waves would run moſt glib & glee;
Whilſt ſtaring *Phæbus* doth them pry on
They'd ſmooth that you might throw
Yet now at laſt pray be ſo (a Dye on.
To turn again as doth the wind. (kind,
You cannot ſure neglect my moan,
Unleſs you have a heart of ſtone.
Why will you truſt the Seas mad ire?
A burn't Child always dreads the fire.
You've oft been ſouſt like Pickl'd her-
And yet you are ſo mad to ſteer on (ron
Nay prethy tell me (Love!) how many
Times you'd have given your life for
How comes it you dare be ſo (Penny.
Eſpecially in ſuch a place; (baſe,
As this, to wrong my love, the rather;

Becauſe the Sea is Love's Grand-father
But why give I advice to one,
That joyes to ſee his Wench undone?
No hang ye, may you live and be,
A Trophee of my Butchery:
And now ſupoſe that you were caught
As who knows whether you may or not
By th'hand of Juſtice who ne're falters,
To cure all Vices with ſtrong Halters:
Then when the Ladder you aſcend,
And bid adieu to all your friends;
And look as if you were a dying,
And hardly can forbear crying:
Then the wrong'd *Dido* ſhall appear
To fright my noble Cavilier,
I'le ſtroak you with hand cold as ſtone
And ſhew raw head and bloody bone.
When you are at Prayers I'le come,

And hinder you of *Elizium.*
But that I need not do alass,
The Gods hear not a perjur'd Ass.
And you are such that never Millain,
Ever produced a worse Villain.
Then you'l weep and sighing cry ho,
VVould I had never wronged *Dido.*
My heart misgave me when that I,
Thought to forsake the poor Pigsnye.
Were she alive now how I'de clip,
And hang upon her bottle Lip.
O I would be so kind I wiss,
As any Man in *Bark-shire* is,
I all obedience would pay her,
And carry her from VVake to Fair.
And there, or at the next good Town
I'de buy my Love a fine Stuff Gown;
But if you are resolv'd to school us,

Pray

Pray be so kind to spare *Julus:*
And let not the poor thing be shent,
I do protest he's innocent.
The Gods I hope, forsooth you'l spare,
You dare not touch, such holy ware.
Here's a Surplis left i'th lurch,
Was snatcht out of a burning Church:
An Hour-glass too, which you then
From out the Pulpit at *Wall-brook* took
But what needs all this simple bable,
'Tis all but an old VVomans fable;
Therefore you are a lying *Jack*,
As if you carried Pick a Pack:
Anchises out of flameing *London*, (don.
And the Gods too, who else were un-
A worthy prize they were 'tis true,
And that's the only cause that you:
This seven years day i'me sure & more,

Tost

Toſt by the Sea ne're came a ſhore;
VVhen I at laſt did take you in,
VVet with rain almoſt to'th skin:
Dryed your cloaths, and rub'd your
VVet with dew and foggy air; (hair,
But yet alaſs were that but all,
I ſhould have then ſmall cauſe to brawl.
No I remember the ſad even, (ven:
VVhen we were to a Cake-houſe dri-
By ſtorms and ſuch like boyſterous
(weather,
As heaven and earth would go together
My hoſt when to a room he led you,
I little thought I there ſhould bed you.
When ſtrait you cal'd the Maid damn'd
Bid her be gon then ſhut the door(whore
And then you told me none could ſee us,
Ah! I forgot my poor *Sichæus.*
Then without complement you fell,

Pell

Pell mell to what I bluſh to tell.
Ah! how many ſad ſigns we met,
Before we to the houſe could get.
All the way a Hare did follow, (hollow.
The Owls did nought but whoop and
My Petticoat at Supper was burn'd,
Beſides the Salt was overturn'd.
The Cats all night did cry and growl,
And dogs did often whoop and howl;
When I heard theſe as *Jove* ſhall ſave me
Even then my fearful heart miſgave me.
Nay as I through the Church-yard went
I heard a Man as 'twere lament:
And with a mournful voice to ſay,
Come my *Eliſa*, come away.
I, I, I come my Dear, I come;
Make room for me in thy cold Tomb:
I promiſ'd thee I'de never marry,

But

But 'las! my Chuck, I could not tarry:
This too for my excuse I have,
That it was no poor paultry knave,
That had thy leavings, no 'twas one:
That was a gallant Burger's Son;
His Mother was a Farmers Girl,
That went most gay in Gold and Pearl:
Nay: and 'tis said he and his Sire,
Did both help much at *Londons* Fire.
Beside my heart! were you but Sage,
You would not have much cause to (rage:
'Tis cold you know, & you being (gone,
D'you think that I could lye alone
Or without you my house could rule,
Or get my bread by teaching School.
O! how it much my grief inhaunces,
To think of all my sad mischances.
By my sweet-heart now left i'th lurch,

My

My husband baſely kil'd i'th Church:
In Sermon time was butchered,
Nay, by his Brother as 'tis ſaid.
Now here alaſs! is all my woe,
But I muſt flye my Country too:
In unknown place where I have got,
Some ground my Neighbours envy at;
And quarrel with me too, pox on 'um,
And ſay I do encrouch upon 'um.
I ſcold in vain, for what can I do,
That am but a poor ſilly Widow.
Suitors I have here good ſtore,
Or elſe I am an arrant whore;
I fear to chuſe though there but few are
That are ſo falſe, I'me ſure as you are,
Give up, give up, you flattering Knave
Thoſe ſacred things you ſaid you have:
For if that I ought underſtand,

They

They are not ſo whilſt in your hand.
How will you anſwer't to the Elder,
If you have left me hans in Kelder,
The Child may rue that is unborn,
'Cauſe you have left me here forlorn;
But you muſt go *Jove* knows whether,
Pray who the Devil brought you hither
Would you had kept o'th Sea, you lout
And hunted ſtill for perch and trout:
Would we had never been acquainted,
My honour then had not been tainted;
But now to leave poor wretched *Jenny*,
And ſo to poſt away for *Guinney*:
VVhere you'l be beaten to a Gelly,
And pinched ſore, both Back & Belly:
And may be too, you'r caſt away,
Before you'r gotten the half-way.
Your time you here had better ſpend,

And live with me at little *Gravesend.*
Here in quiet you may play,
With my Golden Locks all day.
Never fancying to be poor,
My neck Argent, and that Or.
If you ſay you don't love eaſe,
And nothing worſe then a long peace.
I'le find you fighting here enough,
And teach *Julus* how to cuff: (apples,
With rogues that ſteal my pears and
With whom in time he'l learn to grap-
But if you won't, however I, ple.
Do wiſh you all proſperity. (beard,
May your old Dad, that Gaffer Gray-
Of whom I never yet was afeard.
I wiſh that he may live to ſee, (me-
Some Grand-children, though not by
And when he dyes I hope he'l have,

In

In ſome Church-yard a homely Grave:
And not tar'd o're by'th Sea foaming;
Inſtead of any more embalming.
I wiſh thee well upon my Soul,
Which makes me for thy ſafety howl.
But if you are aſham'd to have,
Me cal'd thy wife i'le be thy ſlave:
I'le be your Cook-Maid neat to dreſs ye,
All ſort of Meat bee't fiſhy or fleſhy.
I'le make you Caudles, when Sea ſick,
You'r almoſt going to Old *Nick.*
Onely ſtay here until the Spring,
Till all the pritty Birds do ſing;
But if you are reſolv'd to go,
Regardleſs of my want and woe.
I muſt reſolve to bear the reſt on't,
Which won't be long, & that's the beſt on't.
For could you ſee me whilſt I write,

And my last Letter here indite.
My right-hand holds a *Pen*, my left,
A *Sword* which many a Pate hath cleft:
And in my Lap some *Halters* lye,
(For yet I can't tell which to try-)
Which are so weted with my Tears,
The fatal knot won't slip I fear.
But prethee *Neece* don't take on,
When you shall hear i'me dead and gone:
Onely get written on my Hearse,
In letters great this following verse.
Dido *lyes here, that silly VVhore,*
That hang'd her self, to vex Æneas *more.*

OVID TRAVESTIE.

Epiſt. I I.

Leander to *Hero.*

HIs beſt reſpects and love, d'ye hear ho,
Leander ſends to Peerleſs *Hero.*
I'de come my ſelf willing enough,
Were not the *Thames* ſo plaugy rough?
I'd ſtrait launch o're to the Bank-ſide,
And never ſtay for the next Tide:
And faith and troth, my mind does gee me
You'r woundy mad you cannot ſee me.

If Gammer *Fortune*, and young *Cupid*,
Han't both agreed to make you ſtupid.
But my luck's out, for why elſe 'trow,
Can't I ſwim as I uſe to do?
You ſee your ſelf through ſtrange miſhap,
The Skyes looks juſt like a black Cap;
'Tis not ſo much as tipt with white,
But full as dark as if 'twere night;
Beſides the winds ſo daſh the water,
About that it begins to Lather.
So if this trade hold e're long I hope,
There'l be no need of Caſtle-ſoap.
Nay more then that I dare alledge,
'Tis ſafer ſhooting *London-bridge;*
Than croſſing o're the water to you,
Therefore I ſend you this how do you,
By this moſt daſtaring of all wights,
VVho was in all the laſt *Dutch* Fights:

And

And there he learn't to be no coward,
For ſometimes he'd at a rope tow hard.
When the waves thought it no diſgrace,
To ſpit in my bold Seamans face.
This rogue thruſts out when ne're a Boat,
Beſides himſelf would ſtir a Foot.
And I my ſelf reſolv'd to go,
In ſpight o'th wind and help him row.
But when we'd cry'd thrice, who's for over
Unhook't the head, and put a cover
Of Tilt upon't, I ſaw a power
Of folks on *Baynards-Caſtle* Tower.
Among the reſt my Maſter ſat,
Gazing upon-- the Lord knows what;
And then I knew, I could not go yet,
Unleſs i'de have the world ſhould know it:
For had I ventur'd on this jaunt,
My Maſter needs muſt know my haunt.

He might gueſs without caſting ſpells,
'Twas to a wench or ſomething elſe:
For what could make me trapes o're thither,
Specially in ſuch ſtormy weather?
He knew that ſuch tricks, a young Prentice
Ne're leaves till all his money ſpent is.
Therefore I thought it my beſt way,
To come a ſhore again and ſtay:
And 'cauſe I could not ſee my wench,
I ſate me down upon the bench;
By'th water-ſide, and on my knee,
I wrote this Letter preſently.
Yet nevertheleſs while I did do it,
I could not lin from talking to it.
Go moſt happy Letter ſaid I,
And kiſs the hand of my fair Lady:
A hand will make you pale to ſee,
That it is whiter far then thee.

And

And when that's done you may perhaps,
B' advanc'd up to her greaſie chaps:
For *Hero*, ſoon as e're ſhe ſeeth,
My Letter with her butter teeth
Will gnaw the wax of, that ſhe may,
Know what her ſweet-heart has to ſay.
With teeth I mean as white as butter,
Juſt after this ſort did I mutter.
And then I took my hand that's beſt,
To write i'th Paper all the reſt.
Although my hand (what e'res the matter,)
Had rather dabled in the water.
Oh! how it loves to daſh and ſtrike oft,
The waves! you never ſaw the like of't.
And yet this hand will write as well,
As any hand in twenty mile.
I was this day ſennit, though I ſwear,
It ſeems to me 'bove half a year.

When the *Thames* water that's our parter,
Firſt began to make a quarter.
It roars like Drum, when Army marches,
And louder than it does at th' *Arches*.
Yet now (I hope) this noiſe no moraing,
Will in our ears, 'tis hoarſe with roaring.
If I have ſlept a wink this ſennight,
May't always be as dark as when night.
May the winds let me ne're be ſeen,
A 'tother ſide the *Thames* again.
But make it ſtill ſo rough and bad,
And flounce, and bounce, as if 'twere mad.
All nigh, and day I ſit o'th ſtairs,
And make me ſpectacles of tears.
I glaze my eyes, that ſo I may,
Like Cats ſee's well by night as day.
Then caſt my eyes a 'tother ſide,
Where ſoon as e're I have eſpy'd:

Your houſe, I wiſh my ſelf a *witch*;
For then i'de quickly leap the Ditch.
I'de mount a *Cole-ſtaff*, and ſo trot o're,
The water better then an Otter.
I fancy too I ſee the wind blow
Your watch-light in the Garret window:
And then ſometimes I am in doubt,
Whether the wind hath blow'd it out.
Thrice I doft all my cloaths, and then,
Three times I don'd 'um all agen:
For th' wind and tyde were both ſo ſtrong,
I was not able to ſtand long
Without a fall, the eddes ſuck't
Me in ſo I was always duck't.
But you rogue *Boreas* with a P--t'ee,
pray what's the reaſon you ſo boxt me?
The curſed Villain made more billows,
Then all the reſt off's huffing fellows.

Think

Think you, you ſtinking *Ragamuffin*,
The River cares a f-- for your puffing?
No, no, you fool! with all your pother,
You plague me more then any other.
Had not young *Cupid* tam'd your fury,
Pray who the Devil could endure you.
Although your worſhip is ſo ſower,
I know the time you kept a whore.
And uſ'd to go like any ſpark,
A wooing into *Whet-ſtones Park.*
I wonder what a Plague you'd ſay,
Should any one ſtop up your way:
You could not chuſe but take it ill,
Should you be ſerv'd as you ſerve *Will*?
Good honeſt friend be'nt ſo outragious,
As e're you hope to have your wages;
From Goodman *Æol*, who you know,
Care's not whom he gis a blow.

So

So may he ne're in Bladders ſell ye,
Nor keep you Priſoner in his Belly.
Nor ſend you out a puffing ſails,
When it is better blowing nails.
But may he makethat for your pitty
To me, a freeman of the City.
I'de better keep my breath for Porrage,
He will not hearken to me for rage;
But huffs and puffs, and keeps a clutter,
Anſwering ne're a word I mutter.
And let poor I do what I will,
He won't make one wave to lye ſtill.
Ah! would there were a ſtrong rope ty'd,
Quite croſs the *Thames*, how I would ſlide
O're to thee! I durſt lay a ſpanck-
Far, better then a Mountebanck.
Faith it would be a pritty trick,
But that there's danger of ones neck.

Piſh? hang my neck I car'nt a f--
For ought but thee mine own ſweet-heart.
Would I were once but on the rope
Well daub'd all o're with greaſe or ſoap.
I'de ſwim down on't with as much eaſe,
As if I were upon the Seas.
But when I ſee no hope of going,
I think upon our former wooing.
The firſt time was much about night,
And yet I think 'twas ſomething light.
I ſhut uP ſhop as I was wont,
(It does me good to think upon't)
And ſtole out of my Maſters door,
Who little thought I kept a whore.
Then ran down to the water-ſide,
Where ſoon as e're I had eſpy'd:
The coaſt clear, without more ado,
Doffing my cloaths and my fear too;

I launch'd with all my might and main,
And preſently was out of pain.
A wench I knew her by her wink boy;
Lighted me better then a Link-boy:
She went before me all the way,
I thank her 'twas as light as day.
When I firſt ſpy'd her I cal'd to her,
Fair Maid have pitty on a wooer:
Who's almoſt droun'd in this dark night,
And think upon the ſweet delight;
You uſe to have with your dear *Will*,
At *London-ſtone*, on *Cannon-hill*.
Lovers are always moſt kind hearted,
Pray let not us two now be parted:
For want of light, but face about,
And for once help a poor thief out.
Although you are a Chamber-maid,
Yet once you lov'd a Man of trade.

And

And I poor Tradeſman. to tell true,
Love ſuch a Chamber-maid as you.
What ſhould I tell how well ſhe's bred,
I dare lay ſixpence on her head:
There's ne're a Damſel ſmall or great,
Shall make a curtſey half ſo neat.
And though I ſay't ſhe is ſo fair,
No Goddeſs can with her compare;
Beſides your ſelf and *Roſamond*
There ne're was ſuch a beauty found.
Well if you won't believe My word,
You may go ſee who cares a T--
Juſt as a light one ſcarce can handle,
Outſhines a little Farthing-candle.
Ee'n ſo my ſweet-heart will run down,
In beauty all the Maids i'th Town:
And if you ſay ſhe comes behind
The handſom'ſt Laſs, i'le ſwear you'r blind.

Juſt ſo or much after this rate,
VVhilſt I ſwam o're I uſ'd to prate.
The wench I ſpoke of with the Lanthorn,
(And yet it look'd as if it wa'nt horn:
Jogg'd on before, and I came 'ater,
Her candle ſhone ſo in the water;
That, as I told you, I dare ſay,
The dark night was as light as day.
You could not hear one noiſe or hum,
But what the *Thames* made as I ſwum:
Onely ſome Bears that love the ſport,
Of baiting, ſeem'd to grumble for't.
As ſoon as e're my arms were tir'd,
I long'd to ſee what I deſir'd.
Turn'd on my back and quickly 'ater,
Let down my feet, and ſo trod water.
VViping my eyes, I chanc'd to ſpy
Your Candle burning, ah! quoth I:

VVould I was but a little nigher
'Twould warm my hands instead of fire.
On that Bank-side and no where else,
My pretty little Pigsnye dwells.
VVhen strait 'fore one could say what's this,
The *Thames* seem'd softer than it is;
And I my self began to feel,
My weary arms as strong as steel.
I am so hot what e're's the matter,
The cold ne're makes my teeth once chatter
The *Thames* is always when I come here,
As hot as in the midst of Summer.
The nearer still I come to shore,
The abler am I to swim more.
As soon as e're I can be spy'd,
By thy sweet eyn a' to'ther side:
Thy beautious face makes me more lusty,
Then doughty Knight in army rusty;

VVhen

When for to please his Mistris cruel,
He fights before her in a Duel.
Then do I strive in the best fashion,
To shew my skill in Navigation.
I strike out hands and feet most strongly,
Then shew you how I can too long lye
Upon the water and ne're stir,
My hand or foot which is admir-
Able you never saw a Span-
Niel swim half so well as I can.
I'me sure it does so well become me,
Your Nurse can hardly keep you from me.
You'd too forsooth fain turn a Diver,
And daggle Petticoat in River.
Faith any one may see how kind,
You are, unless he's dev'lish blind.
For ler old Nurse do what she could,
You came so nigh, you were wet-shod;

Then you catch hold about my neck,
And with warm lips buss my cold cheek.
Such loving busses that I swear,
No man would wish for better chear:
Though he were almost starv'd with cold,
They are busses for a man of Gold.
Then thou pull'st off thine own Petticoat,
That I may don't instead of my Coat.
If you have but a Smock t' your back,
I'me sure *Leander* shall not lack.
Then rub'st wet hair till't look so fine,
No one can tell I have been in.
Then for the rest I need not show it,
Thou and I wench already know it
'Tis full as easie to count ore,
Every Pebble on the shore:
As tell the unspeakable delight
We two together had that night.

For when we 'av our time was short ;
We ply'd our business harder for't.
Just when the day began to blink !
(For we could see it through a chink
O'th' Garret window) strait we had
A bussling bout, you'd think us mad.
We did so slabber both our chops
And smack our lips as fast as hops.
Then curs'd we oft the peeping light
And wish'd the Devil had the night,
For being so short, one could n't know
Where there was any night or no.
But while I linger Nurse with sad
Tone, tells me how 'tis time to Pad.
Then wiping eyes and nose with sleeve,
I scrape a leg, and take my leave.
But yet not so, *Hero* I say
Will go and bear me part o'th' way.

Then out we go howling and bawling;
Like Cats when met a catterwauling.
At last into the *Thames* I flounce,
(I hardly say 'twas for the nonce)
For it went sore against my Guts
That I must leave thee for the Suds.
Therefore like poor forsaken wight
I view thee till thou'rt out of sight.
If there be any truth in me Man,
Hither I come as brisk as Seaman
Does from the wars, to her he loves,
In silver Buttons, and knit Gloves.
When I go back, i'le tell thee what
I look no better than drown'd rat.
Nay more when e're I come to see thee,
Methinks the wind and tyde go wi'me.
When I go back, believ't who will
I fancy that I swim up hill.

I vow and ſwear I love to rome
And never care for going home.
I had as leeve e'en go to hanging
As once be from you, homewards ganging.

And I had rather far be there
Where you are (Honey!) then ſtay here.
Alack and well a day is't not a wonder
That we who're joyn'd in heart ſhould live aſunder.
Wo's me becauſe the raining weather
Won't ſuffer us to come together.
And we that only have one heart,
Should in two places live a part.
Why can't you get a ſervice here,
Or I an honeſt Maſter there.
You love our Town, if not bely'd,
As well as I do the Bank-ſide.

Why must I always be so troubled
When e're with wind *Thames* water's bubled
And little simple whistling puff,
Shall make *Leander* rage and huff.
You little think how well 'me known
Through all the watry Region.
The fish my amours all discover
And every Grig knows I'm a Lover.
I've made a perfect Path quite cross,
And know't as well as track of horse.
I once was vext and curst like *Jew*
'Cause I was fain to launch it through.
But now the winds so flirt and skim,
About, I can't to much as swim.
The *Thames* too looks as white as Snow
With froth, 'tis toss'd so to and fro.
And Hoyes are scarce free from the shock,
In *Billingsgate*, or *Queen-hith* dock.

This

This River wild may well ha th' name
Of *Thames* 'twil ne're be tame.
I would not care for horse or boat,
To cross, could I my self but float.
Would these curst waves would but lye still
come whip sir
I'de be the Seaman Passenger and Ship
sir.
I would not Sail by Seamans chart
Nor for your blind Stars would care a f--
I would not follow Dog or Cub,
The little bear or Dub a Dub.
Let who will look o th' Mermaid sign,
Or Crowns they are no marke of mine.
Nor would I give one single Farden
To sail by th' light at the *Bear-garden.*
Or any other light beside
My Candle is a surer guide

VVhich blears out yonder all in vain
Becauſe I cannot croſs the Main.
But when I do that's ſtill my mark,
And lights me, though 'tis ne're ſo dark.
VVhen I ſpy that I never quake-a,
But could ſwim by it e'ven to *Jamaica.*
Nay more then that to the world's end
If thou liv'dſt there my pretty friend.
I would go round the Earth by water,
Better then *Drake* though I come after.
I could i'me ſure, deny't who can,
Duck and dive better than *Mer-man.*
Sometimes when I am plaugy tir'd
I tell my arms how well they're hir'd.
And how they ſhall if they hold out
Their Miſtriſs *Hero* cling about.
Strait 'fore a Man can well tell five,
My weary arms again revive.

And

And towards their haven ſtrike apace
As nimbly as horſe runs in race.
See how I follow the old trade
And ſue you that was never made
For me, you are too good a Woman
For any one under a Yeoman.
Yet either yeild to my deſire,
Or tell me how I may be 'Squire.
I ſcarce can ſee you for my Maſter
Who when I go out cryes make haſt ſir.
That I durſt take my oath, my mind is
More troubled then the *Themes* we wind is.
For what the better is't I wis
That our River ſo narrow is.
I'd s leeve you were at Pope s of *Rome*,
As be ſo nigh me here at home.
If I but fetch a Pail of water
My mind's troubled an hour after.

If I but go to buy red Herring,
I ask 'um if they saw my Dearing.
Then up and down I madly rove
As if that I were sure in love.
Your house so nigh is I have pist over,
And you again have often hit over.
And yet it seems as far from me
As *Greenwich* is, or *Barbary*.
I look upon the waters sourish
And cry methinks that sight is moorish.
I look towards th' house early or later,
And then at you my chaps do water.
So a poor little boy doth try,
In vain to catch the bob-cherry.
Must I ne're see my pritty whore's
Unless I take a pair of Oars.
Is our love, pray, so slightly ty'd
To be divided by each tyde.

Or

Or suppose there be ne're a Scullar,
Or that all the Boats here quite full are.
And though nothing's so weak as water,
As hath been noted by our Slater.
In that is all my weal or woe
Whether I must now come or no.
'Tis Summer too that you must know,
What shall I do in Frost and Snow?
When Thames is frozen o're 'od's bobnails,
And Boys do slide upon't with Hob nails.
When time shall come as 'twas of *Yore*,
All the water being froze o're.
Instead of having durt and mire on't,
It shall be clean and Men make fire on't.
But don't believe I do't to fright ye,
Or that I any way do slight ye.
Because I tell you what there may be;
As if I ask'd of you a cave.

No

No I proteſt that were a low thing,
Alas! I ſtill cry Neck or nothing.
What Man is there will be a flincher,
VVhen he is once liſted a wencher.
No i'le doff my leather Breeches,
And ne're fear the Cramp or Stitches.
If that I chance for to be drown'd,
Or e're to be catch'd in Lobs Pound.
VVell fare then cry your little Pander
My pretty Smock-fac'd Rogue *Leander*.
There's never a ſuch a Man at *VVappin*,
His Mothers Shift him ſure did wrap in.
He was the prettieſt ſneering Rogue,
He would ſo flatter and collogue.
But be you ſure if I ſhould dye
That thea you put finger in eye.
Be ſullen and ſtill ſit i'th' dark:
Eat nothing but Peſtle of Lark.

And hire ſome old muſty Poet;
That th' whole verſal world may know it.
Of our never failing loves,
VVith a Picture of two Doves.
But now no more of this, my Dear!
Thou'ſt dream of it to night I fear.
I know 'twould make thee mad as bitch,
If I ſhould tell as true as witch.
Thou couldſt find in thy heart to rent
This part o'th' Letter I have ſent.
But prethee wench, leave off thy tooling:
I hope there'l be no need of whuling.
Fall down upon your marrow bones,
Pray buy a Cuſhion for the nonce.
And beg with all your might and main
The winds would all lye ſtill again.
I would deſire but one half hour
Of good fair weather for this ſhower

Although 'twont melt one, yet I say
'Tmay chance to wash me all away.
Were I but got on to'ther shore,
'Tshould rain as fast as't did before,
For me. Faith i'de not give him this...
To have Rogue *Boreas* hold his peace.
For there's for Boats an ample Dock
Where they'll lye safe as under Lock.
Secure from furious wind and tempest,
Good Stairs beside, and not like them best.
Then let wind huff and puff his heart
Out, for no body cares a F..
I'de see him hang'd then 'fore i'de venture
My life in's hand, without Indenture.
Nor would I at the rough winds scold, or
Ban; for they grew I think the bolder.
Nor cry out piteously, O grievous!
Because I saw the *Thames* so peevish.

Nay

Nay I ſhould think my ſelf much better'd
If hands and feet were doubly fetter'd.
If you, as *Remora* ſtops Ship,
Should hold me leaſt I give the ſlip
If once 'twere fair enough ne're fear ye
I'de turn my ſelf into a Wherry.
I'de row with hands, ſans further pudder:
And ſtick a Pole in A-- for Rudder.
But Girle be ſure hang out in ſight:
At Garret window long watch-light.
Don't fail, for if you do by Cock
I may be ſplit againſt a Rock.
In the mean while, wench! take my Letter.
It muſt be ſo ſince 'tis no betrer.
Carry't to bed we'you if you like 'um:
And fancy what we'l do when I come.
VVhich ſhall be ſoon as winds will let;
Though now we're far aſunder; yet

Here

Here rests your Servant to command her;
For ever and for age *Leander.*

Laodameia

OVID TRAVESTIE.

Epiſt. I I I.

Laodameia to Proteſilaus.

THeſe are to let you know my Dear,
I wiſh you well as I am here.
They ſay that you are kept 'ith' Straits
And onely for a good wind wait.
But 'las my Dear! tell me I pray
What wind waſt when you went away.
I wiſh the Sea did then ſo roar
As you might ſoon have come a ſhore.

You went away, methinks, ſo odly
That I could hardly bid you God b' wi'.
I bid the wench but fetch a Light,
VVhen ſtrait they ſay you'r out of ſight.
Before that I could fetch my Scarf,
Your nimble feet had reach'd the VVharf.
Nay you were got quite out of hear-
Ing, e're the Cat could lick her ear.
You were a pretious ſtick of wood,
That leave your tender wife ſo cou'd.
And unawares too, but you Men
VVere always hard hearted to VVomen.
I made what haſt I could, but you
VVere gone without bidding adieu.
Saw you not that my blubber'd cheek,
VVas ſwell'd ſo that I could not ſpeak.
And I could ſcarce as you can tell,
Stammer out fa-fa-fa-farewell.

Then

Then ſtrait I to the Garret skip,
To ſee if could ſpy your ſhip.
Wearied with looking there, I flee down
To the ſhoar ſide, but I can ſee none.
A murrain on't, we lead bad lives,
When our men fight for others wives.
But as I ſaid before when I
Could neither you nor your Boat ſpy.
I fell into a ſwoon d'ee mind?
And fear made me to looſe behind.
My Gown they preſently unbrace,
And cut for haſt my bodyes lace.
Under my noſe they burn a feather,
And old ſhoes too with other Leather.
They fetch me Brandy that was mighty,
Strong as any *Aqua-vitæ*.
One fetches Sirrup, and another
Beſprinkles me, and ſuch a pother.

As before never was ſed
Since my Grannam bound my head.
At laſt when one my noſe did twich,
I roſe and ſate me on my breech.
But I did ſoon ſuch ſorrow feel,
I wiſh I there had kick't up heel.
I ever ſince put on a ſad dreſs,
And run about like any mad Beſs.
I never ſince have comb'd my Locks (Smock
Nor from that time have chang'd my
Have you beheld, as who hath not?
When ſome unruly boys have got,
A ſhe Pick-pocket Nimming things,
Whether 'twas Money, Watch, or Rings.
How preſently young beard leſs Jury
Make her appear like any fury.
Pull off her head-clothes, and diſcard her,
Of any thing that then may ward her,

From

From violence of rotten Eggs,
Horse turds, Stones, or Capons legs.
Just thus like any Bedlam, I
Do run about the Town and cry.
My Mother cryes take heart o'grace,
Come come my Wench, hang't let it pass,
Ar't not asham'd for to go so
Come fetch your new best Just-au-Corps.
Put on your locks and be as fine,
As pretty Bride or Valentine.
Then I reply, d'ye, think that I
Will put on Silk and Taffaty.
While my Husband, Arms environ,
And is cover'd o're with Iron.
Pox on that sneaking wenching *Paris*,
The enemy of Camp and Ladies.
May you always want a Surgeon:
And nothing eat but stinking Poor-John.

Why *Menelaus* will you fight?
I'll warrant Mistriss *Helen*'s right.
There's many an honester then she
Are hang'd upon the Triple tree,
Del-common is a Saint unto her:
And who the Devill then would woe her?
Lass! poor contented Cuckold thou!
Dost love her better cause she's so.
Ah! were but my poor husband safe,
And I could once more see my *Rafe*:
Great *Jove* to thee I will be bound,
Give him me back but safe and sound;
I will be bound to thee (I say)
To thank thee twice or thrice a day.
Good Lord, how I do quake and fear!
To think but of a *Musketeer*.
Than a Cannon I roar lowder,
If I chance to think of Powder.

And when e're a rope I ſpy,
I fancy 'tis Match preſently.
Paris that cow'ardly Cavalier,
Durſt not have ſtole *Nell* for his ear.
But that he knew well *Menelaus*
Old man had nothing to diſmay us.
Beſides the lying cogging Rogue,
Did ſo court his wife and collogue
Ruffling in cloaths of ſilk and Sattin,
And ſpeaking broken ends of Latine.
So waiting Gentlewoman's ſaid,
To looſe her precious Maidenhead.
When any ſerving man or Groom,
Doth give her Ring or ſilver Spoon.
Then by and by I think of *Hector*,
I'd'ſlieve have ſeen a Ghoſt or Spectre.
Oh how I fear! and my fear much is:
Leſt you ſhould come within his cluthes.

For killing he doth take delight in:
And is (they say) old dog at fighting.
He's such a Bug-bear to us all,
That when the Children do but bawl.
Say but hark, *Hectors* coming; hish!
They are as silent as a fish.
But as you love your life, I pray
Be sure to keep out of harm's way.
And more I bid you have a care,
Least *Hector* catch you unaware.
And whensoever you do fight,
Pray have me always in your sight.
For suppose you should come to harm,
And in Battel loose Leg or Arm.
Or if you impotent should be,
What think you would become of me?
Are there not skroofy Rogues enow,
To go to war, unless you go.

Rogues

Rogues that are good for nothing, but
To kill and slay, to hack and cut.
Why what a Pox need we care whether,
He and his wife e're come together?
Let other Rascalls go to fight,
Thou shalt do that onely at night.
The truth is I was very unwilling,
And would ha'given thrice ten shilling:
With all my other goods and Chattles,
That you had never gone to battels:
For why the night before you went,
A grievous dream did me torment;
And what's a bad sign I suppose,
The Rats had all begnawn your hose.
But have a care, I doubt not Love,
But these will old wives fables prove.
And yet it is reported *Lilly*,
(Who though men talk is not so silly)

Doth

Doth ſay that who the *Trojan* Land
Doth touch firſt with his foot or hand:
He quickly to *Peg-Trantrum*'s muſt,
And lay his body in the duſt.
Let your ſhip be the laſt that put in:
And have a care how you ſet footing.
But when you are returning, Pray;
Be you the firſt that comes away.
Put up your Sail and ſtoutly row:
And all the way cry, through Bridge ho;
For every night and every day
I think it long while you're away.
Eſpecially at night, for then
You know we moſt do miſs you men.
The night is women's only joy,
When we our appetites do cloy.
Inſtead of which I lye in fear
And ſometimes dream that you are here.

And fancy that you clip and then
You kiss and let me go agen.
Then with your Arms you do me cover,
And otherwise your Love discover.
These joyes in sleep I undergo,
But waking find 'tis nothing so.
Another time I dream we're billing:
And by and by that you are killing.
Now methinks you are well bang'd:
And then I think I see you hang'd.
Then up I start and in my Smock,
For all my Maids I quickly knock.
That done we fall to Pray'r amain,
That *Jove* would send you home again.
How long now will it be my Dear,
Before that we shall see you here.
Or how long will it be e're I
Shall with you in bed folded lye.

When

When you ſhall tell me all the ſtory,
How ſuch brave fellows fell before ye.
Alſo how many common ſlaves
You ſent pell mell unto their graves.
How *Hector* came with hanger touring:
And how you then did ſcape a ſcouring.
Then here you cry I met a Clown
And kiſſing me, thus knockt him down.
But when agen I think upon
The enemy are ten to one.
And know for all *Ulyſſe* plot,
Your men are like to go to pot.
They make no more of you then Mut tons:
And then agen my A--- makes Buttons,
But yet nothing doth vex me more,
Then that though wind and Seas do roar·
You run as if 'twere for your lives:
He needs muſt go the Devill drives.

It seems the truth of this you've found
That born to b'hang'd shall ne're be (drown'd
Otherwise you would be wiser
To strive for that's not worth a Cicer.
That *Nell* is but a Whore at best,
For whom the *Grecian* Lads contest.
Come leave the Camp and home again:
If you have any Guts in brain.
The *Trojan* Girls I envy: they
Can see their Warriours ev'ry day.
All day they for *Priamus* fight,
And yet are Mettlesome at night.
Then in the morn each bouncing Lass,
Her Warriour again does dress.
For his breakfast he doth take
A piece of *Pudden* or *Oat-Cake.*
Such lusty Ale they sup between'um:
There's none from Kissing that can win'um:

Then

Then out my *Two-Shoes* goes and struts,
After that he hath fill'd his guts.
And then he roars out *fee fa fum*,
I smell the blood of *Grecian man.*
But good my Love do not come near,
I am almost bepist for fear.
Then home agen at 'een he comes:
And gives his wife some *Suger Plums.*
But alas! 'tis two year since;
I had my due benevolence.
But yet for all you are away:
Your Picture doth with me still stay.
It is so like you in good sooth
As if 'twere spit out of your mouth.
With it I often seal my Letter,
Instead of Thimble which is better.
I charge you by my Maiden-head,
By wedding Ring and Marriage-bed;

And

And by the pleaſant ſport and play,
I had before you went away.
That you all ſort of danger ſhun:
Let who will fight be ſure you run.
For by my *Cat-skin Muff*, and *Fan*,
I hope to ſee y' a good old man.
And thus with my affection fervent:
I reſt

Your

very humble

Servant L.

Hero

OVID TRAVESTIE.

Epist. I. V.

Hero to *Leander.*

JUst now I did receive my Dear,
Yours of the fourteenth instant here.
And what d'you think I'm ere the better
To kiss your dull kind-hearted Letter?
I am not able to live thus;
Come, come your self and giv's a buss.
E're since you left me 'thas been blew day's
And ev'ry one as long as two days.

Could I but swim so well as you
In spight of th' Devill I would through.
S'bobs, I would be out done by no man;
Was I a man and you a woman:
How bravely would I play my part,
We Women are not worth a F——
You men can Hunt and Fish and Plow:
Alass poor Souls, we know not how.
You can thresh, when t'our shame be't spok
We can no more than man in Cloak.
You can to town drive team and Horses,
Sell Corn put money up in Purses.
And then go whistling into th' Harrow:
There drink your liquor like to Barrow-
Pigs, for an hour or two, then out
With Key and Purse, and lay down Groat
Well there's my Grannam she take's snuff,
And says she thinks you'r old enough,

To

To know your betters, and not make us
Tarry ſo long and for fear quake thus.
Why don't you come here and make much on's
If you are not made meat for *Gudgeons.*
You make one ſtare and ſwear like mad,
And ſcold, and wiſh the Devil had
The *Thames* for being ſo rough and boyſtr's
Well if there's e're a Quean buys Oyſters;
That ſcolds ſo much at Gate call'd Billings.
I will be bound to give five ſhillings.
To tell you in good ſober ſadneſs
It makes me ev'n cry for madneſs.
Your Gloves you left when you ran ſtaring
Away, will mould for want of wearing;
And yet I hang 'um by the Bellows:
I doubt (my Love) they are not fellows.

When't's dark, before there's e're a ſtar yet
Up goes long Watchlight into Garret.
That when thou comeſt pickel'd like ſouſe
Thou mayſt be ſure to find the houſe,
Then to keep heavy eyes awake
Old ſpinning wheel in hand I take:
And ſing to caſt off thoughts and cares,
When *Troy* Town for ſeven years wars.
Old Grannee nods, and I ſuppoſe
Keeps time too long with Shiptons noſe.
Then up I ſtart and unſtring Wheel,
And cry, I wonder why the Dee'l.
This Rogue don't come, what does he think
I can ſit up, not ſleep a wink
All night, but ſigh and ſob and con
O're *Robinhood* and little *John*.
If our Dog Spot does howl or bark,
I cry out peace good Grannee, hark

The

The Rogue is landed now, i'le warrant.
Well Sirrah, if thou wast an arrant
Villain, thou wouldst Be hang'd before
Thou'dst stay so long, e're thou camest o're
Grannee and I pig in together
At last and sleep out all ill weather.
But e're I went to bed, I think
I'd eaten egg and salt sans drink.
For in, me thinks, like to drown'd Rat,
Thou com'st, and down on breech dost squat
At head of bed, crying my Dear
'Ch'ave brought thee one good zoop of beer.
Then into bed whipt in a trice,
Fright'st me with feet as cold as Ice,
Wak'st me to boot, breakst dream: when still
No creature's by me but my pillow. Lo!

Thou slipst like Eel from out of clutches
Although thy bulk as big as Dutch is.
The *Thames* indeed is woundy rough
Now, but last night 'twas smooth enough.
You might have come then here to land sir
As easily, as kist your hand Sir.
But you like Ninny must stand prating
And for fair wind and tide too waiting:
Till old time though he goes on Crutches,
Slips with his bald pate, out of Clutches,
Make hast you Rogue my fingers itch
To hug thee, just as Dev'l hug's Witch.
Let it raign Dogs and Cats, a fart for't.
I'le warrant then wee'd never part for't.
Where is thy wonted courage Sirrah:
Can a storm keep thee from thy Dear'a.
What can wind make thee hold up snout
Like frighted pig, and grunt about:

Till thou haſt found out warmer ſty:
Alaſs! for pitty poor Pigsnie.
VVell I remember once, but when it
VVas, I can't tell; 'bout this day ſennight.
Thou cameſt in with a powder hether
Inſpight of bluſtring wind and weather.
But now thou layſt ears cloſe in Poll
Reſolv'ſt to ſleep in skin that's whole.
And for my part I think't not fitting,
A man ſhould drown in ditch like Kitten.
No rather ſtay till ſtorm is over:
So you reſt too a faithful Lover.
But I'm afear'd thou'lt not abide
Being Prentice brave, wench o'th' Bankſide
VVould thou waſt hang'd, ten times, before
Thou ſhou'd'ſt maintain a Rival whore.
VVould I were hang'd poor ſoul to boot,
For it would kill me ſhouldſt thou doo't,

For ought I know 't may go ſo far
That for't thou may'ſt be call'd to Bar.
For ſure my friends would ſee me righted,
If dead of grief for being ſlighted.
So thou'dſt for ſweet heart, joyned be
In true Love's knot to Gallow-tree.
But there's no fear, I warrant, wee'l
Prove to each other true as ſteel.
For if thou'lt be but faithfull ever
VVhen others fail, I will perſever.
O fearful! what a grievous clatter
Here is between, this wind and water.
If 'twere but nere ſo little louder,
You'd ſwear curſt Papiſts were with Powder
Of Gun now blowing *Thames* or'e City,
To drownd poor Cits, ſans any Pitty.
Or that great Whale was come up tumbling
Through Br. with fearful noiſe & rumbling

To

To ſhow himſelf with jaws ſo wide
In Booth at fair next *Bartelm-tide.*
Good *Thames* if thus you needs muſt roar
Go huff it at the boy ith' *Nore.*
And do not play theſe Roguiſh pranks
Between two honeſt civil banks:
The like to which ben't found in *Europe,*
If there be, hang me with a new rope.
If you'l drown; drown Lighters or Hoys,
But prethee ſpare poor harmleſs Boys.
My ſweet-heart's none of thoſe that uſe
To come a waſhing to the ſluce,
And there like Rogues lay tails in water,
And fling't about in faces a'ter.
No he is; take him altogether,
As good as tread's on ſhooe of Leather.
O ſpare him he holds up my Chin:
And if he drown's, I muſt fall in.

VVell there's a ſtranger in the Candle
A bright one too, you Rogue who can tell
But it may be that knave *Leander*,
VVho can come where no other man dare?
My old Grannam's making poſſet,
VVe to your health in ſpoons will toſs it.
Come, come away you Rogue, and eat ſome
Since the fare over is no great ſum.
VVhat's two-pence in your poke? in ſooth
No more then Apple in Cow's mouth.
VVer't coming, if I could but know thee
I'de wade up to the ancles to thee.
I caren't a pin for being wet ſhod
No more then, for being neat-ſhod.
I cannot for my life be merry,
To think you'l venture ore ſans wherry.
Yet to ſay true, I hope you ſhall
Come ſo, rather then not at all,

I hate with all my heart to flout ye
I'd as live be hang'd, as be without ye.
Take my word on't or here's my fist,
And a good one too, though I say't i'st.
But prithee have a care of Cramp,
Use remedies, as for examp---
Ple, wear bone Ring on thumb, or tye
Strong Pack-thread hard, below your thigh
For last night late to tell you true
My Candel as I sate burnt blew.
Which put poor me in horrid fright,
And expectation of black spright,
With Sawcer eyes, and horns and tail,
Alass! I was like ashes pale,
Prithee don't shew thy self fool-hardy,
And drown, because forsooth you dar dye.
For when you'r gone, there'l be no hope
For *Hero* but in Well or Rope.

Come

Come come, e're long 't may cease to rain,
Then all things will be well again.
In the mean time I'le write beneath

Your kind and faithful

Friend till Death.

Ovid

OVID TRAVESTIE.

Epiſt. V.

Penelope to Ulyſſes.

THeſe *Pen:* preſent's with many kiſſes,
To be left for Goodman *Ulyſſes.*
Look all about, till at ſome neighbour's
You've found him, elſe you'l looſe your la-
The *Wake* at *Troy*, and Cudgell Play (bours,
Is done ſure, then what makes you ſtay?
Since all our Pariſh are return'd!
Would Lord and Lady both were burn'd.

For

For keeping you ſo, to my ſorrow:
Pray, who ſhall do your work to morrow?
We ſhall be all undone; O heavens!
How all things lye at ſix and ſevens!
Would our *Nell* had been hang'd for gadding
To be their Lady, with a fadding.
She with a Pox, made all this work
Made *Greek* and *Trojans* fight like T*urk*.
If ſhe had ſtai'd and done what's fitting
Minded her carding and her knitting:
I ſhould not need like doleful elf
To ſit at home and ſpin my ſelf:
And go at laſt a lone to bed,
No man can tell, alive or dead.
What is become of you you Raſcall!
Yet like an honeſt wife I ask all.
I could not tell but that at Cud-
Gels, you might draw ſome Trojan blood,

From

From broken Pate, or batter'd Shin,
And so the quarrel might begin.
Or for foul play, by vexed rabble,
Be knock'd at head and kill'd ith squabble.
There is a Plaguy rogue one *Hector*,
(Would he from's shoulders had his neck tore
Or from his body his arms broke off)
I can't abide to hear him spoke off.
They say he crack'd *Ralph Doughty*'s noddle
As quickly as you'd sup up Caudle.
And threw *Rob. Hood* at *Cornish* hug;
As easily, as you'd drink jug:
Although he did Jack's doublet put on;
Because his own had nere a Button.
These *Troians* had no cause to brag
At last though, far you made 'em wag.
And though North threw us out so fast,
I'm sure West got the day at last.

And

And old great Barn, that many years
Had been Lord's houſe, was pull'd 'bout ears
But now all's done, and every body
Is come home, pretty ſound and hoddy.
They've buſt their Wives, and not to (wrong 'em
There's not 'bove two crackt pates a- (mong 'em.
They kept us up laſt night awake
Long time, to hear what news from Wake.
They ſpit and ſpawl and in their drivell
Th' whole manner of the Paſtimes reveal.
Here with his Thumb one draws the Green.
There once the Barn was to be ſeen.
Juſt there ſtood your goodman *Ulyſſes*
Here *Hector* ſuch a man as this is.
Then with his finger draws out ſuch
A bulky fellow men call Dutch.

Here

Here comes me up a ſurly *Trojan*
Breaks poor Greek's pate, how pray, juſt ſo
Says nimble Goſſip; and as ſoon (*Jan*
With bended knuckle crack's knav's Crown
Here ſits another with Laſs prating:
And tells long ſtory o'th' Bull-baiting.
How Dogs came on as fierce as Lion
And noſe of Bull or eyes did flye on.
But ſtrait were toſt by crooked horn,
And on backs of ſpectators born.
And then how people do nought but ſhout
Although poor Cur has ſquelcht his guts out
Old Granſire grey-beard yclepy'd *Neſtor*
Told our boy *Thomas* all the reſt, or
Elſe we hadn't known it; who came creeping
To *Rheſus* as he lay a ſleeping:
And with quick hand, while none did ſpy,
Pick't both his pockets dextrouſly.

How dar'd you? had he wak't from sleep
You might perhaps have felt the whip
At tail of Cart, or had the story
O'th' Crime pinn'd o're you in Pillory.
In vain have you pull'd Barn to Ground,
If you are no where to be found.
'Tis to no purpose that wak's over,
If I must still be without Lover.
There's a Creature comes this road
But I enquire of your abode.
And if you clothes and victu'lls need.
Then send a line with care and speed,
To be deliver'd as aforesaid,
For what's once said, need's be no more said
We've sent to all towns hereabout
The Dee'l a bit we find you out.
Would Barn had still stood fast at *Troy*:
I should know where to have thee Boy.

Thou

Thou wouldſt have been there with wench
(dancing:
Or elſe 'pon *Dogborſe* on Green pranc-
(ing.
And had they play'd ſtill, as at firſt
At Cudgles, then I'd known the worſt.
A Broken pate or bruiſed ancle
Is all they get, when moſt they wrangle.
Now to my ſorrow, thou alaſs!
Art faln in Love with Country Laſs.
Perhaps, who in beſt clothes and Hat
Came there to ſee ſhe knew not what.
And hand in hand are gone to Ale-houſe
With other Wentches and their Fellows.
And there wilt ſpend thy time and money
Nere thinking on poor *Pen.* thy honny.
My Dad, if there's no way to cure it,
Say's I'm a fool if I'le endure it.

And, that he'll hang on the next bough
If there be not more men enow,
That would have *Pen.* with all their heart.
But we I hope ſhall never part,
I'le never leave Maſter *Ulyſſes*
No one has ſuch a face as his is.
Here's all the neighbours hereabout
Come in and drink the ſtrong Beer out,
I'me ſure I cannot name 'em all
That *duſt it* daily in our *Hall.*
There's not a Begger that we here of
But comes and ſokes his jug of Beer off
And among all this ragged rout
Will. Goatheard trowls the Bowl about,
I dare not theſe mad pranks oppoſe
For fear they'l have me by the noſe:
And old *Laertes* fears as much
They'l come and take away his Crutch:

And

And then with nere a ſtaff in hand Sir,
Down to the ground comes grey-beard (Grand-ſire
Then *Tom.* to quarrel is not fit
For he's a little ſimple Chit.
Were he but old enough no queſtion
He'd box'em as well as the beſt on
Us all: He is of courage ſtout
But knows not how to lay about.
You muſt come teach him play at Cudgells
I'me ſure to fight, he'l never budge elſe.
Old Daddy is ſo ſleepy yonder
He ſcarce can hold eye-lyds a ſunder.
Prithee come home let's go to bed
For ſleep we all are almoſt dead.
Since you went I have been ſo mouzell'd
Tumbled about, and toſſ'd and touzeled
That though my neighbours know me rich,
They ſay I look like ugly Witch.

If you come not soon, I may then chance
To fetch you homewards with a vengeance
For I your absence do much resent,
And so I have no more at present.

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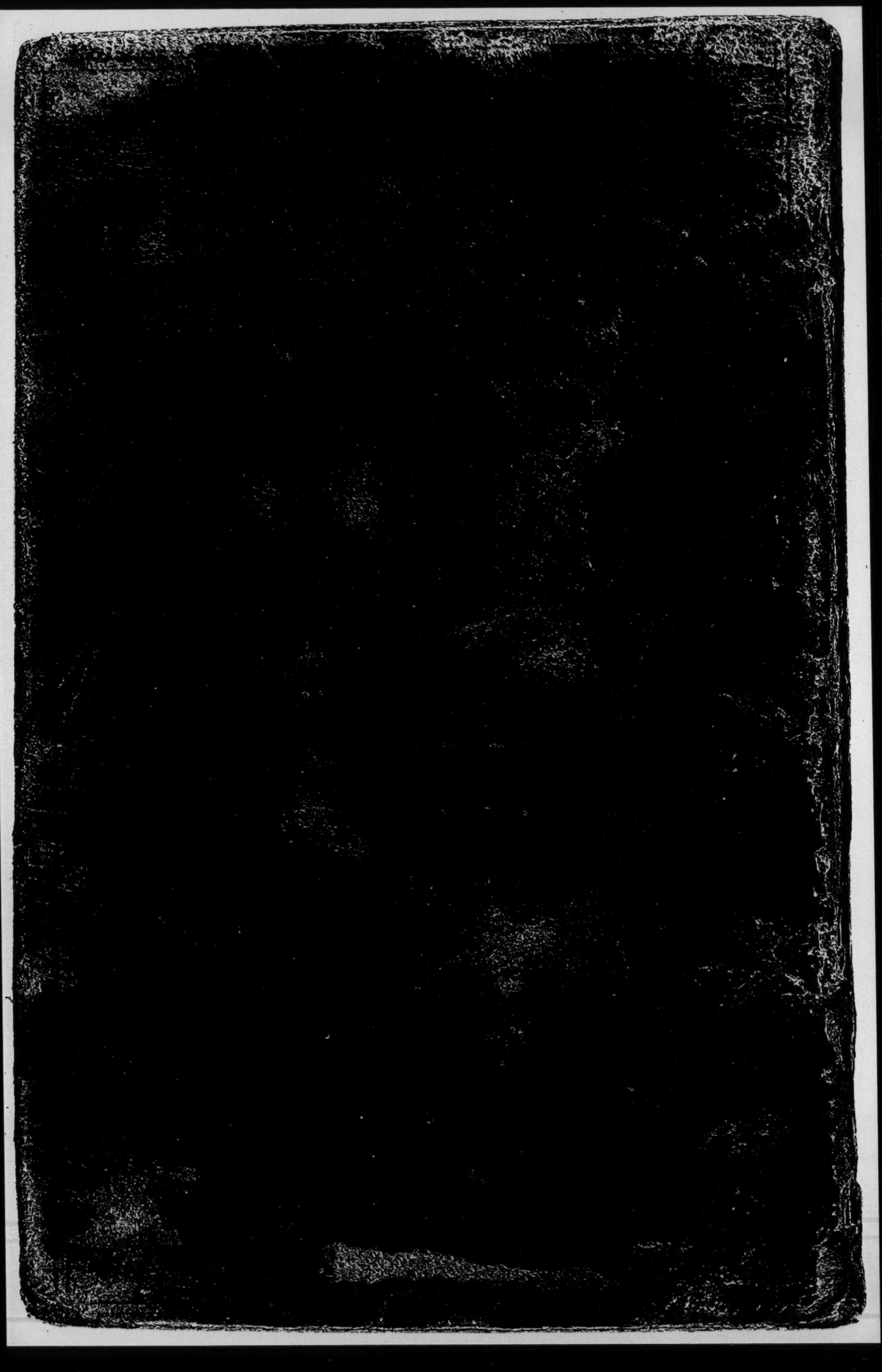
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